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## A Strange Duel.

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“Well—before, uh—well, uh—I would like, sir, with your kind leave, sir, to examine some of those trophies (for I suppose they are trophies which I see on that table yonder.

“Certainly, sir, answered Father Welsby, with a significant twinkle in his clear bright eye. “And I shall be pleased to give you the history of some of them.”

Together they approached the trophy-laden table.

“Wonderful! Wonderful!” the young man kept repeating to himself, as he examined the precious and artistically wrought objects one by one. After reading each inscription, he would invariably turn to Father Welsby and eye him from head to foot with a most scrutinizing look. A stranger would have found it difficult to tell what the young man’s thoughts really were. But to Father Welsby the young man’s mind was an open book.

“I prize these objects very highly,” said the priest. “Are they not beautiful?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the young man. “Great Scott!” he exclaimed as he took up a center piece, a solid gold cup resting gracefully on the sinewy shoulders of an Apollo and surmounted by a winged Mercury. “Is this the famous ‘68 cup?”

“The same,” replied Father Welsby, with an unassumed indifference.

“And how did you come by it, Father?”

“By winning seven of the eleven events at the intercollegiate meet, my friend.”

“And is it possible that you are Chauncey Welsby, the record breaker of class ‘71?”

“That’s my name, and my class, my friend. And now may I ask your name?”

“Do you remember a poor young Irishman whom you help-